

MASONIC DIRECTORY.

ISLAND POND LODGE, No. 44, F. & A. M. Stated Communications the second Monday in each month.
KEYSTONE CHAPTER, No. 10, R. A. M. Stated Communications the first Monday in each month.
TEAMSTOCK COUNCIL, No. 20, R. & S. M. Stated Meetings the third Monday in each month.
NORTH STAR CHAPTER, No. 23, O. E. S. Stated Meetings the third Monday in each month.
I. O. O. F.
ESSEX LODGE, No. 18, Meets every Thursday evening.
I. O. G. T.
ISLAND POND LODGE, No. 40, Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.
G. A. M.
ERASTUS BUCK POST, No. 78, Meets each Friday on or before the full of the moon.
W. R. C.
ERASTUS BUCK POST, No. 80, Dept. of Vermont, Meets alternate Thursdays.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Z. M. MANSUR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Solicitor in Chancery,
Island Pond, Vermont.

H. W. LUND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Canaan, Vermont.
Business by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

F. D. HALE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lunenburg, Vt.

ALFRED R. EVANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office over Post Office, GORHAM, N. H.
All business by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

OSSIAN RAY,
LAWYER,
Practices before both State and United States Courts in New Hampshire and Vermont.
Office, TOWN HALL BUILDING, LANCASTER, N. H.

BATES & MAY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Main Street, opposite Post Office,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

A. ELLIOTT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Island Pond, Vt.
Office at residence on Cross Street.

F. A. NEWELL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Lunenburg, Vt.
Office at residence.

E. F. NORCROSS, M. D., D. D. S.,
ISLAND POND, VT.
OFFICE, ROOM 33, STEWART HOUSE.
SPECIALTIES—Operative Dentistry, Ear Affections, Gynecology, and Skin Diseases.
Consultation free, at office, 30 cents. Correspondence of patients, by mail, receives prompt attention. Office open night and day.

W. W. LOMBARD,
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Island Pond, Vermont.

L. W. STEVENS,
DEPUTY SHERIFF
for Orleans County. Office at J. S. Sweet's.
EAST CHARLESTON, VERMONT.

BILLIARDS, POOL, CIGARS,
W. W. CHENEY,
BARBER,
Island Pond House, Island Pond, Vt.
Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing and Dyeing. Cutting Men and Children's Hair a specialty. Razors thoroughly honed.

PATRICK JUDGE,
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Cross Street, Island Pond, Vt.

MELCHER HOUSE,
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TIBBETTS & McNALLY, - Proprietors.
Patrons conveyed to and from Station free. Livery Stable connected.

J. H. JENKS,
DENTIST.
JENK'S BLOCK, COATCOOK, P. O.
At Essex House, Island Pond, Vt., the first Wednesday in each month.

MONADNOCK HOUSE,
COLEBROOK, N. H.,
T. G. ROWAN, - PROPRIETOR.
First-class Livery connected with the House.

This Hotel is pleasantly located in one of the most flourishing villages in Northern New Hampshire, and having been thoroughly refurnished and refitted, offers great inducements to Summer Tourists. The House is fitted throughout with steam heat, and all modern conveniences.

VOL. XVIII.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

NO. 30.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE SUNDAY SERMON.

"The New Song of Heaven."

TEXT: "And they sang a new song." Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music and associations whose object it is by voice and instrument to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday night Easter Hall, of London, used to resound with the music of first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets and buzzed at the entertainment. At Berlin at 11 o'clock daily the military band, with sixty or a hundred instruments, disconcerted the Royal Opera House for the people. On Easter Sunday in Dresden the voices of cannon and the ringing of bells bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great festival day of Leipzig comes the bands of music from far and near gather in the street and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Düsseldorf once a year the lovers of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and about at the close of the choruses and grand songs the full competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All American cities at times resound with orchestras and choruses, and the songs well or play skillfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation and garlands by excited admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies, and all the splendor of celestial gates and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along the streets in the hour of worship you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you are not in the building. And passing along the street of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing a while on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and he said: "I do not believe that I can ever tire of it."

Let us aspire to that blessed place which have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set, and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the world to come, the song of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this is a new song. Sometimes I have heard the best of songs, and I have in the glow of my emotions said: "Surely this is the new song." But I have sometimes thought that the new song was the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that the new song was the sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do not believe. The new song is the song of the redeemed, and power it will be something that the ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpists of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. "A new song"—just made for heaven.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune, and the best of them are not worth the ink which really valuable tunes are. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old tunes. But this we are told is a new song. Some of our greatest and most exquisite glories, and he is slow to write a tune or a hymn in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven wrote, and Wesley, Cowper, depressed with misfortune, and almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to meet his own life. The cab driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home, and sat down and wrote:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful throng, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your heads.

Mozart composed his own requiem and died to his daughter Emily. "Play that," said Mozart to his daughter Emily, "and while Emily was playing the requiem Mozart's soul went up on the waves of his music into glory. Emily looked around and her father was dead.

This new song of heaven was not composed, because heaven had nothing else to do but Christ in memory of the glory of heaven, and of the manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from his heart made it for the armies of heaven to sing in celebration of victory, for worshippers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable hosts of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. It is a new time to start in church, there is only here and there a person who can sing it. It is some time before the congregation can sing it. But not so with this new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman who a few minutes ago departed from this very street has joined his voice to the new song. The children who on the river bank, those in the temple, not feeling their way through it, or halting or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full, round voice they throw their souls into this new song. If some Sabbath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air we could not sing it. Organ could not play it. No pipe could announce its sweetness. Translated, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet while I speak heaven's grace extends under it, and seas of glory bear it from beach to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands sing it—the new song.

Further, it is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it makes a reference to past deliverances. Oh, how much have they to sing about. They sing of the darkest hour of our history, and of the light that came through which our path passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him it is a prison song. That one was a Christian sailor boy that had his back broken on the ship's masts, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh, how they will sing of floods washed of fire and blood! Song of hail! Song of sword! Song of hot lead! Song of axe! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony, there comes occasionally the sound of the triumphant, weeping through the cadences, adding exultation to the performance, so amid the stupendous acclaim of the heavenly worshippers shall come triumphant remembrance of past deliverance.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life.
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind.
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
Tis better by far to shut for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny
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The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life
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It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
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The wisest man, shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—Ella W. Wilcox, in Ladies Home Journal.

THE WARNEFORD GHOST.

BY MRS. ROBERT JOCELYN.

"The house is very full, Florence, and I thought you would not mind sleeping in this room," said Mary Warneford, as she ushered me into a large, airy bedroom, into which the bright rays of the setting sun were streaming gloriously on a certain afternoon in a by-gone June.

"I really see no visible reason why I should do so," I replied jestingly, with a smile. "I think it about as charming a room as it well can be."

"The room is fairly pleasant in its way," she returned carelessly. "Only, as you know, it is supposed to be haunted."

"Haunted?" I repeated, rather aghast. "Do you mean to say that this is the haunted room?"

"Yes, it is the room that is said to be haunted," she replied quietly. "Do you object to it? If so, pray say so, dear."

Her words woke me to a sense of my duty to my hostess. "Oh, dear no," I replied quickly. "I call it most interesting."

"Very interesting, no doubt, to those who believe in ghosts," she returned quietly. "I do not, or I should not have put you in this room."

"Of course, I know that, and of course the ghost question is all nonsense," I agreed lightly.

"Just so, dear," she returned in the same tone. "I knew you were blessed with a little common sense, and that was why I selected you as a suitable occupant for this room. We all know you are quite above anything of this sort, and do not possess such inconvenient things as 'nerves.'"

And with this flattering assurance ringing in my ears I found myself alone in the haunted room of Warneford Abbey.

I looked curiously around it. A charming room certainly, but haunted, the haunted room.

Now the haunted room at Warneford Abbey was about as well known as the haunted house in Berkeley Square, and for years it had been closely looked against all possible intruders. It was an understood fact that the late Sir Charles Warneford did not like any mention of the Warneford ghost to be made in his presence. There had been a charming mystery about the Warneford haunted room. Every one had told a different story about it, and every one was quite sure that his version of it was the true one. Some people swore it was a man; some people knew for a fact it was a woman; others were sure it was a monster, too dreadful in its hideousness to be described, and others had been told, on reliable authority, that it had a tail and cloven feet, and its form altogether was the reverse to heavenly.

But when Mary's husband, the present baronet, came into the property, which he did very shortly before the time this story begins, he took quite an original view of the case, and proclaimed far and wide that there was no ghost at all, much less a monster. Mary backed him up about it. They unlocked the room, had it thoroughly done up and refurnished, and gave it to be understood that they could not understand how any one in their senses could possibly have believed that there could have been a word of truth in any of those old, foolish, superstitious stories.

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